

A T R U B
DIALOGUE

Between *THOMAS JONES*, a TROOPER
lately return'd from GERMANY, and *JOHN
SMITH*, a SERIEANT in the First Regiment
of FOOT-GUARDS.

WHAT are you here, *Tom* Is it you ?
Troop. Yes, here I am all that's left of me.

Serj. Why you seem to be as whole as you went.

Troop. Yes, I have scap'd Scot-free, *Jack* and yet
I can tell you I was not one of the *Flinchers*.

Serj. But how came you here, *Tom*, are you dis-
charg'd ? We must have some talk together.

Troop. Why, to tell you the Truth *Jack*, I pick'd
up some little matter at *Detingen* ; and then per-
swaded my Officer to discharge me. but let's
step in here, and take a mug of Drink, and i'll
answer all your Questions.

S. With all my heart, as a Teaster goes i'm your
Man, and we'll talk over the War, for I have seen
as much Powder burnt out of *Hyde-Park* as any.

T. I know you have ; why you serv'd all the
last War in *Flanders*, did not you.

S. All but the first Campaign, I listed in 1703,
in the same Regiment I am now in, and was a
Serjeant at the Battle of *Malplaquet*. But prithee
tell me, *Tom*, why you have quitted the Service ?

T. 'Sblood, becouse no Man that has an *English*
Heart in his Body could stay in it, Damn me, i'd

rather be a Chairman here and carry *Englishmen*,
then be us'd so Abroad by the *H—ns*.

S. Ay, I hear those scoundrelly Dogs made sad Work on't. I remember in the last War they were never good for any thing, but the * old Corporal knew them and us'd them as they deserv'd.

T. I am sure they were not us'd as they deserv'd now, for they well us'd. They had their Bellies full, while we were starv'd, and the *English* could have nothing till the *H—ns* were first serv'd.

S. What cou'd your General mean by that? for to my knowledge he had seen 'em run away in the last War, and why wou'd he be so fond of 'em now

T. Our General, no, 'twas not he; he wish'd 'em at the Devil as much as we did, but after *Somebody* came to the Army he had no more to do there then I, he's a brave, experienc'd olp Officer, and it advive had been follow'd, there wou'd not have been one left in the *French* Army by this Time.

S. Why who the Devil was General then?

T. Not the Earl of *Stair*, I'm sure, for whatever he pros'd, was rejected, but there were two *H—n* Generals *Pumpkin* and *Ilton*, who hinder'd them marching up to the Battle, they govern'd every thing, the *Earl* wou'd not stay in the Service, it cou'd not be a little matter to make him leave it in the middle of a Campaign, the Duke of *Marlborough* I hear will follow his Example, and so will every one that has a drop of *English* Blood in 'em.

S. But what was the particular Reason of the Earl of *Stair's* quitting?

T. Every Reason in the World, he saw that the War was only made for the sake of the *H—r*



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Troops, and that there was to be no fighting on Account of the *H-r* Troops, they were only to be paid, and not expos'd, they were to insult us, starve us, and disgrace us, which he would not bear, and so threw up like a Man of Honour.

S. By the Way, while I think on't, Prithee *Tom* is it true that *Somebody* wore the Yellow Scarf that Day, and threw away the Red one?

T. True, as sure as a Gun for I saw it myself.

S. Why that's just for all the World, as if I upon a Review Day wear, instead of this *Red S.* the Leather Apron I used to wear at home before I came into the Shrvice. but now we talk of the Service, paay why did not you pursue Monsieur *Ragon* after the Battle?

T. Why Faith, that's more then I can tell you, All I know is, our *English* General was for it; and if We had not a Man of 'em could escaped. The Earl of *Stair* sent Orders twice for 12 Squadrons of *H-n* Horse, and twelve of *English* to pursue the *French*, but the *H-r* Officer refused as often to obey the Order of any *Englishman*.

S. Damn him, he ought to have been shot for Mutiny, you or I should for half as much, but why did not the *English* pursue 'em?

T. Because just as they were going, *Somebody* in a Yellow Scarf came np and told 'em, saying, *There was Blood enough spilt already.*

S. Why where had *Somebody* in a Yellow Scarf, been all the While? Wasn't he in the Battle?

T. No, no he was in the Wood — safe enough.

S. So the Yellow Scarf was in no Danger of being the worse for wearing that Day.

T. No, except from the Cannon ; for there was not one Musket-shot fir'd there.

S. Why did not you carry your Sick and wounded off the next Day, instead of leavidg 'em to the mercy of Monsieur ?

T. Because We were in to much Haste to get out Harm's Way, besides, we were so hungry we cou'd not staft, we had hardly eat for three days.

S. Then why the Devil did you get into a Place where you cou'd have no Provisions, it was your English General by the way that carry'd you to *Aschaffenburg*.

T. No but it was not, He had cross'd the *Mayne* at another Place, where the River behind us, had secured Prouisions, and he intended to have attack'd the *French* there ; as he could have done to great Advantage, but he received Orders from *H* *r* to come back, and to go to *Aschaffenburg*. Then as soon as *Somebody* came there, all the Contracts were taken out of his Hands and he had nothing more to do.

S. When you march'd from *Aschaffenburg* had your General no intellignce that the *French* were passing the *Mayne* at *Selingenstad* to intercept you ?

T. From the time that *Somebody* came up to the Army, you must not call the Earl of *S * r* our General. For he had no more to do in our Army from that Day than *I* had. He knew nothing of our March to *Dettingen*, and the Command was given to a younger Officer, and a *Foreigner* too. *Lord S ** r*, was in his Coach all the time of the *Mirch*, till he heard the *French* were coming to attack us, and then he immediatly got on Horse

back, and made an Order of Battle which sav'd us.

S. You expected to be attack'd in your Rear, don't you by the French passing at Aschaffenburg and therefore the Guards were in the Rear?

T. No, by that very thing, I believe we did not expect it: for the H^r Guards were there too, who, to be sure, were to be spar'd, and they were all commanded by General I^{**n} who, it soon appear'd, was either resolv'd or order'd to preserve 'em, as he call'd it; for they might have come up Time enough for the Battle if he had pleas'd: the Duke of Marlborough press'd it, and all our Countrymen's Fingers itch'd to be at 'em: But General I^{**n} iware they shou'dnt, and told the Duke he was his commanding Officer.

S. But pray, if it was pretended that we expected to be attack'd in the Rear Why was the Command of the Rear left to a H--n Officer, had not we English Officers enough;

T. Ay, English Officers enough, --to be sure; but the English were not thought fit for any thing. And it was always contriv'd that the H--n Officers should have the Command of ev'ry Thing. Why that was the Reason, as I was told, why the H--ns had so much a larger Staff of General Officers than ever mercenary Troops us'd to have so that a very little Contrivance might always give them the Command.

S. This is very fine indeed. So we pay Troops to Command and Insult us, not to obey us.

T. Ay, to insult us With a Vengeance, the H--ns would have taken away the Duke of Marlborough's Quarters from him one Day, tho' they

were set out for him by the Quarter-Master-General, S. But he did not give them up, I hope.

T. No, he ordered his Men to fire upon the Dogs if they persisted.

S. That was right. And I dare say they went away then.

T. Ay, Ay, talk but of firing, and they'll go off sooner than their Pieces. If we were but allow'd to talk to 'em in that way, they'd be humble enough.

S. They mif't certainly be sure of Protection, or they would not be so saucy.

T. Yes, and so they are. A *H---n* Soldier may better steal a Horse, than an *English* Officer look over the Hedge. The Day after the Battle, the *Prevost* was order'd to hang up immediately any *English* Soldier that he shou'd find a Thousand Paces from the Camp, while the *H---ns* maraud'd as much as they pleas'd. Nay, the *Prevost* did not dare to report of any *H---ns*, the *English* Troops were not even thought worth reviewing, and the Review always stod'd at the End of the *H---n* Line and *Prince Charles of Lorrain*, when he came to us was told the *English* were so flabby, they were not worth seeing, but he wou'd see 'em, and he lik'd 'em too.

S. By God, there's no bearing all this from such a Parcel of Scrubs, who never could bear to look their Enemies in the Face, and who this Time were afraint even of their Arses, and did not so much as dare to pursue 'em when they were running away, Pray how did the *English* Officers bear all this?

T. Why how could they help themselves ! They wear us'd as ill as the Soldiers, and were never spoke to. —— But I beleive there are many of 'em that won't serve any more, if the H - ns are continued, at least they said so.

S. But at this Rate, the H - ns can't be kept any longer.

T. God knows what the Parliament will do, but this I'm sure of, that tis impossible for them and the English to make another Campaign together.

S. If they do, I hope the English will fall upon them first, and thresh 'em well, and then beat the Enemy afterwards.

T. You may depend upon that, for all the English Soldiers are resolv'd, if they are to have 'em another Year, to make the Camp too hot to hold 'em.

S. They'll serve 'em right and that's easilÿ done for they won't stand much Fire. -- They lost us the Battle of Landen by running away in King William's War. then they lost us Landen in the beginning of the last War, by refusing to March uuder the Prince of Hesse, to relieve it. And they run away so damnably at the battle of Malplaquet, that Orkney's Regimenrs fir'd on 'em, and kill'd God knows how many of the Scoundrels. If you are to have 'em next Year, give 'em but one Platoon and it will be in Nobody's Power to keep 'em.

T. That will certainly happen to 'em: For no English Spirit can bear such Usage. I have not told you half the Preference that wes shew'd to those damn'd Troops, nor half the Affronts that

were put upon the English. It would make your Blood boil within you.

S. Why then — Here's Confusion - to 'em this Year in Parliament. You'll pledge me, I'm sure.

T. Ay, with all my Heart, and I don't see how any Englishman can vote for him, — By Jove, if I was in Parliament, and had a Regiment, I would lose it sooner than vote for 'em, and so will ev'ry Officer in Parliament, I believe - at least if he would shew his Face in the Army afterwards. I am sure any English Officer that votes for 'em, will be hooted all along the Line, and call'd Mynheer Hochdeitch.

S. Then 'tis to be hop'd we shall get rid of 'em.

T. Ay, one way or another, for if the parliament won't, the Army will. S. They say you had an E**h M -- in the Army that promoted all this.

T. Ay, he was the Ringleader of it all, he talk'd German, dress'd like a German, and drank like a German, we call'd him the Hanover Hero for he preserv'd himself all the time of the battle with the Baggage, and would not so much as take one Look at the Fire, but was confoundedly frightened, and sent over and over for more Guards for the baggage, tho' he could get none.

S. He must be mightily belov'd by the English Soldiery to be sure.

T. Ay, as the Devil loves Holywater as they say, S. 's Blood, you have put me in such a Passion, that I have a great Mind to burn this brazen-fac'd Hanover Cap? for if we should go Abroad they'd take us for H----rs.

T. Not if you stood it, as I dare say you would.

S. Come here's my Service to you. -- You hear I'm call'd to the Guard. -- We shall meet another Time.

F I N I S,



